Rich. Cry mercy Lords, and watchfull gentlemen,
That you haue tane a tardy sluggard heere.
Lor. How haue you slept my Lord?
Rich. The sweetest sleepe, and fairest boding dreames,
That euer entred in a drowsie head,
Haue I since your departure had my Lord:
Me thought their soules whose body *Richard* murthered,
Came to my Tent and cried on victory;
I promise you my soule is very iocund,
In the remembrance of so faire a dreame,
How farre into the mourning is it Lords?
Lor. Vpon the stroke of foure.
Rich. Why then tis time to arme, and giue direction.
More then I haue said, louing country-men, (*His Oration to*
The leisure and inforcement of the time, (*his Souldiers.*
Forbids to dwell vpon, yet remember this,
God, and our good cause, fight vpon our side,
The prayers of holy Saints and wronged soules,
Like high reard bulworkes stand before our faces,
Richard except, those whom we fight against,
Had rather haue vs winne, then him they follow:
For what is he they follow? truely gentlemen,
A bloody tyrant, and a homicide.
On raised in bloud, and on in bloud established;
One that made meanes to come by that he hath,
And slaughtered those that were the meanes to helpe him;
A base foule stone, made precious by the soyle
Of *Englands* chaire, where he is falsly set,
On that hath euer beene Gods enemy:
Then if you fight against Gods enemy.
God will in iustice reward you as his Souldiers
If you sweare to put a tyrant downe,
You sleepe in peace the tyrant being slaine,
If you doe fight against your countryes foes,
Your countries fat shall pay your paines the hire.
If you doe fight in safegard of your wiues,
Your wiues shall welcome home the conquerours:
If you doe free your children from the Sword.
Your childrens children quits it in your age;

Then

Then in the name of God an
Aduance your standards, drav
For me, the ransome of my
Shall be this cold corps on th
But if I thriue, the gaine of
The least of you shall share h
Sound drumes and trumpets
God, and Saint *George*, *R*
Enter King Ric
King. What sayd *Northumb*
Rat. That he was neuer t
King. He sayd the truth, and
Rat. He smiled and sayd,
King He was in the right,
Tell the Clocke there.
Giue me a Kalender, who
Rat. Not I my Lord.
King. Then he disdaines to
He should haue brau'd the Ea
A blacke day will it be to s
Rat. My Lord.
King. The Sunne will not
The skie doth frowne and low
I would these dewy teares we
Not shine to day, why, wha
More then to *Richmond*: for t
That frownes on me lookes
Enter N
Nor. Arme, arme, my Lord
King. Come bustle, bustle,
Call vp Lord *Stanley*, bid hi
I will lead forth my Souldie
And thus my battell shall b
My fore-ward shall be drav
Consisting equally of Horse
Our Archers shall be placed
Iohn Duke of *Norfolke*, *Tho*
Shall haue the leading of the
They thus directed, we w

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